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STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

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STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

STRASBURG is the capital of that portion of the province of Alsace,* which is known as the department of the Lower Rhine. It is now the frontier town of France, although a recent tourist, Mr. Inglis, describes it as "entirely German." The number of inhabitants is stated at 50,000.

The town is irregularly built, and what travellers describe as old-fashioned and heavy-looking; but its Cathedral is one of the finest in Europe. The choir was built by Charlemagne, and escaped the mischief which happened to the church in the twelfth century. The nave was rebuilt in the same century; and the belfry and steeple were begun in 1229, and only finished within 200 years of that date. The clock is one of the most celebrated specimens of early clock-making, and will be found engraved and described in vol. xiii. of *The Mirror*, p.p. 210 and 262.†

We premise these facts by way of introduction to the following very pleasant contribution by a clever hand.

STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

(By the Author of the Sketch of Antwerp Cathedral in vol. xiv. of *The Mirror*.)

A late reference in *The Mirror* to my sketch of *Antwerp Cathedral*, induces me to attempt a description of its lofty rival, *Strasbourg*, to which I have since made a hasty visit, in satisfaction of a long-cherished wish to behold it also.

I saw nothing of the spire during my journey from Freyburg to the little town of Kehl, on the German side of the Rhine, about three miles from Strasbourg, (the chief part indeed having been performed after sunset, although the extensive plain I was crossing was brilliantly illuminated by a full September moon;) neither was it visible in the morning from the window of the hotel where I slept.

* Alsace was, before the Revolution, a province of France, bounded on the east by the Rhine, on the south by Switzerland, on the west by Lorraine, and on the north by the Palatinate of the Rhine. It was formerly a part of Germany.

† Mr. Inglis observes: "There is a curious circumstance connected with the clock in Strasbourg Cathedral—it is of very complicated, and delicate workmanship, and the artisan who contrived, and made it, becoming blind before he had terminated his labour, it became a question of some difficulty, and of much importance, how the work was to be completed: the public authorities engaged other mechanics; but they being ignorant of the design upon which the whole was meant to be constructed, were unable to proceed,—and the blind artisan anxious to reap all the honour himself,—not willing that others should have the credit of finishing that which their genius could not have enabled them to begin, refused to communicate any information; but offered to complete the work, blind as he was; and this very wonderful, and ingenious piece of mechanism, now remains not only a monument of the genius of the maker, but a curious illustration of the power of habit, as well as of the neuteness communicated to one sense, by the deprivation of another.—*The Tyrol*, vol. i. p. 21-2.

A fellow-traveller having offered me a seat in his *Voiture*, we started at 7 o'clock, and turning down the left-hand road through an avenue of trees, we looked over the flats of Alsace on the other side of the Rhine; and, rising above a belt of foliage, by which the city itself was still concealed, the solitary, pyramidal spire of the Cathedral, *the highest in Europe*, burst upon our view. Its dark red form seemed set in the grey sky,—its outline distinctly marked, although not prominently thrown out by extraneous light and shade; but there was something suitable in its placid, calm aspect—a landmark of ages, unmoved by the sanguinary quarrels of which that border country had often been made the scene by our strange race.

It was but a short distance to the bank of the Rhine, where we paid the German toll, and crossed the long bridge of boats to the French toll-house, where another demand was settled. We then soon came to the *Gare d'Armerie* station, protecting the entrance to "la belle France." We had next to cross another branch of the Rhine, the river being here divided into two streams by a considerable island; and then reached the *Douane*, where the frontier duties are collected. Not knowing how long it might take before my friend's luggage was passed, I set off on foot. Observing a path slanting across the fields towards part of the city, I left the highroad, and had an agreeable walk through the verdant meadows, which reminded me of the Netherlands, the resemblance being increased by the ditches and grass-covered fortifications of the citadel, towards which I found my track directly led. Farther on I emerged into a more central part, where the river Ill, taking a circular sweep, almost insulates the portion of town within from that beyond its course; and the quays and buildings along its banks were on this calm day distinctly reflected; as on another sky, with something of a Venetian appearance. The Ill is traversed by several bridges, and opposite the one I crossed stood the *Palais Royal*, its back rising from the edge of the water, and its front in the square of the Cathedral; the side of the latter edifice stretched out from the corner I entered by, and the spire at the diagonal extremity appeared high above the interposing roof.

During my walk, I had been gradually acquiring a perception of the size and structure of the spire; but now that the architecture was developed in detail, I was struck with the richness of the workmanship, the vastness of its elevation, and the elegance of its proportions. It rises from the left of the west front, as we look towards it, and the *coup d'œil* is very imposing. The centre door is profusely canopied by clustering arches and ornamental tracery; and indeed the whole front is in a rich style, rising far

J.M. 452.
Goethe. liii 305.

above the main roof of the building, and forming the shape of an upright rectangle, which includes the tower-like flanks, whose lofty pointed arches and buttresses are both light and splendid. Above one of these, and breaking the horizontal balconied line of the rectangle, springs a fine, octagonal, open tower upon elegantly formed arches, from the summit of which again the spire ascends by retreating pinnacles of open frieze-work, preserving a general pyramidal outline, its pointed termination being surmounted by a cross. The sublimity of the design will be felt, when it is considered, that its elevation is stated to be 525, or by some, 550 feet from the pavement, which would make it more than 150 feet higher than the top of St. Paul's, or about 50 above the noble steeples at Antwerp; but this last having been my "first love," I cannot say that the intense impression of soaring loftiness it made upon me has been supplanted by Strasburg. Besides, there is a moral grandeur in the Hispanico-gothic magnificence of Antwerp, and in the glorious productions of Rubens of which it is the "local habitation," more exciting to the imagination than the quieter beauties of the ancient Imperial city of Strasburg. The cathedral of the former, too, is better placed for effect, as fine views of it can be commanded from open places and squares close by, as well as other parts of the town; while the "place du dome" at the latter is nearly filled up by the edifice itself, and the short street, opposite is so narrow that only part of the front is visible from the main street, which crosses the other perpendicularly.

Entering by the front gate, the combined effect of vast expanse and gloomy grandeur produce a lasting impression. The religious awe and veneration so naturally excited, when the eye wanders amongst massive pillars, branching arches and all the airy embellishments of Gothic architecture, are here incalculably heightened by the perfect preservation of the old stained windows, every particle of light that enters being mellowed by those luscious colours, which all the resources of modern art have hitherto failed to rival in tint. The contemplation of such a scene gives a "rapture of repose," and I longed to be able to witness it when the sun should be casting "warm gleams" in checkered gleams upon the marble floor, the clustering columns and receding aisles!

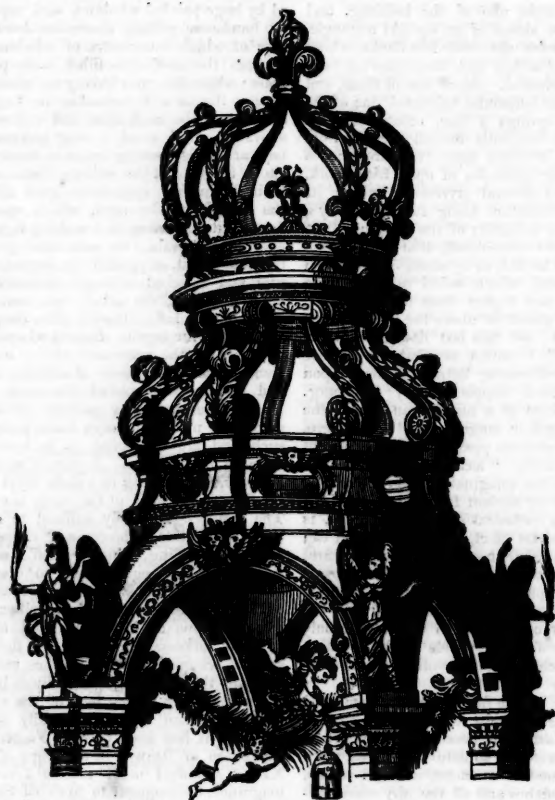
Strasburg Cathedral (like that of Freyburg,* also a very beautiful structure,) is not built in the form of a cross, having no transepts, and the breadth being the same throughout. The body of the church thus presents a grand appearance from the entrance: the nave and aisles are of immense width, bound

ed by large painted windows, and separated by handsome pillars, above the branching tops of which inner rows of windows rise towards the roof also filled with painted glass; while, the choir having no intervening screen, the view is unbroken in long perspective to the high altar and east window above it. As I stood, a long procession of boys and girls, passing across in front of the choir, threw back the extreme distance, and their diminished appearance gave effect to the length of the nave, which was also dotted with kneeling and walking figures at irregular intervals. On one side projected the fine pulpit, supported by elegant sculpture, and enriched with gilt fantastic ornaments; and on the other, but nearer the entrance, in a lofty situation above the pillars, was placed the organ. Several chapels and altars round the aisles and choir, with the usual display of gaudy Madonnas, saints, and offerings, completed the *coup d'œil*. There were also many pictures of different degrees of merit, although none perhaps of such first-rate excellence as to haunt the memory for ever after. A piece of sculpture, however, glimmering in a dark crypt below the floor, at the back of the choir, is curious. The scanty light barely sufficed to exhibit the size of this subterranean chapel, but through a railing, which cut off a semicircular recess, I began dimly to discern a group of figures in white relief round the wall, and kneeling in front, a well-executed colossal statue of Christ, in vivid contrast with the darkness behind. A few figures of apostles occupied the middle space, more prominently than the crowd of disciples beyond.

I now made a farther tour of the city, in which German seems generally spoken, although it has been part of France since the peace of Ryswyk in the reign of Louis XIV. Amongst other objects I saw the magnificent monument to Marshal Saxe, in the church of St. Thomas, and visited the Museum, which possesses several paintings worthy of attention. I then returned to the Cathedral in time for the usual high mass, and as I entered, the majestic tones of the organ and the voices of the singers resounded "through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault."

In a small apartment, where I obtained a ticket of admittance for the tower, I was shown a model of the Cathedral, beautifully worked in silver. I then ascended, and the sound of the organ, softened by distance, vibrated up the spiral staircase, while occasionally the long-sustained tones of the bells struck louder upon the ear. The roof of the front forms an open platform, on one end of which the steeple rises majestically, and from which its exquisite architecture can be minutely admired. The lofty arches of its still perpendicular part here form a fine open

* Will our very competent Correspondent favour us with his description of this elegant structure?



(Canopy of the High Altar in Strasbourg Cathedral.)

temple-like octagon, with fretted, overhanging roof, from above which the spire begins to taper, growing "small by degrees, and beautifully less." The day not being bright, I was agreeably surprised by the distinctness of the view, which is very extensive and interesting. The city itself, branching out on all sides, forms a clear nucleus to the wide-stretching circle with its dark, brown-topped houses, and churches grey with age; and its jagged outline is fringed with zig-zag fortifications of green turf banks and silvery belts of water. Beyond, the eye ranges over a rich variety of meadows, woods, plains, villages, and hills. Looking westward over France are the Vosges mountains, the nearest range; and as you turn gradually towards the right, a vast plain is next stretched out to

the remote horizon; then a cluster of houses, formed by no less than three good-sized villages, enlivens the face of additional plains, which "immeasurably spread, seem lengthening" as you gaze: as you still turn, another diversity is produced by the windings of the Ill until its junction with the Rhine, some distance below the town, and the grand sweeps of this noble river are visible afar, interspersed with islands, and backed by the German mountains, which wear away into remoter ranges, until the background beyond Kehl, displays the bolder outlines, and pine-covered eminences of the *Black Forest*: part of the long range of the Jura follows; and, though partly mingled with clouds, I distinctly saw the mighty Alps themselves, floating upon the horizon at the distance of

a hundred miles, as soft in appearance as unsubstantial vapour, but solid as the foundations of the earth—

Nature's bulwarks, built by Time
'Gainst Eternity to stand:
Mountains terribly sublime!

Breaking the extreme point of vision, prominently stood out the tall tower of Colmar, upwards of 40 miles distant, with a road running straight as an arrow towards it across the plain between—and thus terminated the panoramic circle!

We purpose concluding our Correspondent's paper in our next number, as it details in a pleasant manner the other lions of Strasburg.

The annexed view of the Cathedral is from a print recently published in Germany; and the second Cut represents the open dome-work over the High Altar; in which is seen the depositary of the Host, the lowering and elevation of the same being effected by a contrivance connected with the circumvolant cherubim. This subject is from an old French print.

HIGHGATE.

(To the Editor.)

It gave me sincere pleasure to find you had devoted one of your numbers to a description of my native town, (Highgate), and to find that description so accurate, in what has come under your notice; but your informer, whom I verily believe is an inhabitant, would have given more satisfaction had he extended his researches into the antiquities of the place, and dwelt on its unparalleled rural beauties:

On the south side of Highgate may be seen one of the residences of Oliver Cromwell, an antique, red-brick building. The staircases and rooms abound with curious, antique workmanship: on the former are full-length oaken, carved figures, of the generals of Cromwell's time, in military costume.

On the west side of the town, in the Grove, resides the venerable poet Coleridge. Leigh Hunt formerly resided in the village, and here he wrote some of his best pieces. Here formerly stood the mansion of Lord Southampton, which was frequently visited by the late Lord Byron.

We need not describe the rural beauties of the lane leading to Hampstead, through Caen Wood, the celebrated retreat of the late Earl of Mansfield, Chief Justice of the King's Bench; now in the occupation of the present earl. The scenery of the Park, and its avenues of lofty, overarching trees, amply repay the pedestrian who may turn from the high road, by the public pathway, across this beautiful domain. There may be also seen the Seven Ponds at "Hampstead;" but they properly belong to Highgate, as they are nearer that village: they abound with fish.

Many fossil remains have recently been found near the archway in Hornsey-lane, some of which are in course of arrangement by geologists.

F. P.

"HOCUS POCUS."

THE terms "Hocus Pocus" have been derived by some from the words used by the priest in the celebration of Mass, when the transubstantiation is believed to take place, "*Hoc est Corpus*," &c.; but a far more likely etymology appears in the following extract from the notes to Pennie's *Britain's Historical Drama*:—"Ochus Bochus was a magician and demon among the Saxons, dwelling in forests and caves; and we have his name and abode handed down to the present day in Somersetshire."—*Note to the Dragon King*.

Thus, it appears that modern conjurors, in making use of the words, are invoking the name of their powerful predecessor.

COLBOURNE.

VALUE OF PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN AMERICA.

THE President of Harvard University, in a report to the Board of Overseers, makes this statement:—"The library of the university now consists of *forty thousand volumes*. Nominally, it belongs to Harvard University; virtually, and to every beneficial purpose, it is the property of the commonwealth. Learned men, engaged in useful works in any part of the state, have free access to it, for any use connected with the objects of their pursuit. It cannot be questioned, that its destruction would sensibly affect the state of general intelligence, and the progress of science in the commonwealth, and create a want of facilities for the diffusion of knowledge, which the wealth and exertions of half a century could not effectually supply. Very many of the works it contains, if lost, could not be replaced: in some of them, the libraries of Europe are now deficient. In the recent controversy between the United States and England, relative to the boundaries of the state of Maine, maps and works highly important, and, in the opinion of the counsel of the United States, in some respects conclusive in favour of the right of the United States, were found in this library, which could not be obtained elsewhere, either in Europe or America; and as such, the use of them was solicited by the general government, and granted by the corporation, for the purpose of sending them with the American commissioners to Europe, in support of the claims of the United States. By the munificence of private individuals, the department of the library relative to American history is unrivalled, both in extent and completeness; the same may be said concerning the collec-

tion of maps and charts. In respect to each of these departments of science, it has no competitor on the continent of America—perhaps, none in the world. The use of its treasures is opened with a liberality that is limited only by the necessity which requires them essentially to be at the command of the students in the University, and of the several literary men or learned associations connected with it, or residing or established in its immediate vicinity. Specific provisions, however, exist, and are daily acted upon, by which persons engaged in useful works, in any part of the commonwealth, are permitted to have the use of any books which are important to their researches, and which cannot be obtained elsewhere. It is scarcely possible for any library to be more truly *public* than that of this institution.”

FERNANDO.

The Novelist.

THE PURITAN'S GRAVE.

(Continued from page 381.)

MAKING for such localities as he conceived it was possible to meet with, or hear of St. John, Ferdinand Faithful stumbled on one Peter Longstaff, a varlet in the service of Sir Thomas Merrivale, a knave with much sound and little sense, from whom he learnt that Henry was in prison, in Newgate, on a charge of murder.

Bitter was the agony of Ferdinand Faithful at the light and flippant manner in which the simple yet crafty man spake of a deed of murder, and still more was he shocked that St. John should be guilty of so dreadful a crime. There had been on the mind of the ejected minister of Emmerton a prejudice against St. John as a cavalier, but it was impossible that this should not wear away: it had come to pass that the Puritan not only had thought favourably of the cavalier, but was absolutely attached to him with an almost parental affection; he recollected the readiness with which the young cavalier had drawn his sword at the festival of Emmerton, therefore in the bitterness of his soul he covered his face and wept. The tears of a good man have an effect, even upon the veriest knave or fool, and such they had upon Peter Longstaff. “Come, Master Faithful, come, be not utterly cast down. Take some refreshment I pray you. It may be that things are not so bad; perhaps the crime may not be called a murder. It was a hasty matter, a tavern brawl, a thing of dice and wine and sudden passion. Come, good sir, weep not so bitterly.”

It will be recollected that Henry St. John on parting with Anne Faithful expressed himself somewhat doubtfully as to the speediness of his return. The cause of this was much to his honour. In the sale of the

embroidery he had hitherto used some deception. The truth then is that he himself had been, for the most part, purchaser of the embroidery, and by this generosity had contributed to the maintenance of the family of his affection.

Sir Thomas Merrivale, by his extravagance had fallen into inextricable perplexities. He had been necessitated to come up to London, leaving Adelaide at Emmerton to pursue her solemn meditations, and as a last resource he fled to the gambling table; but the luck of a gamester is short lived, and he presently fell down to the depths of misfortune. In his perplexity he espied Henry St. John in the park one day, and addressed him in a gay manner as if nothing had happened to interrupt their friendship; and the result of their conversation was his borrowing one hundred pounds, which the generous St. John, notwithstanding his small patrimony, lent to the fallen knight, upon a promise of its being returned shortly, which promise Sir Thomas never kept.

Among the ladies of quality to whom St. John was in the habit of showing the work, was Lady Arabella Duval, a fashionable, fine, bold woman, a widow of thirty years of age, who had cast her eye upon St. John; and this last named piece of embroidery was taken to her, which she so admired, that she exclaimed, “I must have it, be the price what it may.” St. John was glad to hear this, but was wondrously grieved when she added, “But you must pay for it, and I will repay you when my next remittance arrives.” Grieved and disappointed that he had it not in his power to take back to Anne Faithful the price, he declined returning until some efforts were made to obtain payment; for this purpose he again sought out Sir Thomas Merrivale, and the only place where the improvident knight could be found was at a gambling house near Charing Cross. Thither he went at a late hour, and the people not knowing him, compelled him to wait till play was over. At one o'clock the gambling party broke up, and down stairs they came quarrelling. Sir Thomas had been unsuccessful; he charged his companions, who had drained him of his last mark, with false play, swords were drawn, and Henry St. John interposed to prevent bloodshed, not, however, until one of the assailants was run through in the scuffle, upon which all the party fled, except the generous St. John, who stayed to render the wounded man assistance. The officers of the peace entered; Henry St. John was found with his sword drawn, the wounded man died, and Henry was sent to prison on a charge of murder. What a trial of the fortitude of Anne Faithful. St. John was visited in prison by Ferdinand Faithful, and great was the old man's joy when he heard from his lips that

the sin of blood guiltiness was not upon him. The Lady Arabella Duval, hearing that her cavalier, as she was pleased to consider the young and handsome St. John, had killed his man, called to applaud him for the same; and bringing to remembrance the embroidery, she offered to pay for it, but afterwards proposed to call and settle for it with Anne Faithful, the little Puritan girl of whom Sir Thomas Merrivale had sneeringly spoken to her; for the Lady Arabella Duval, marvelously desired to have a fling at her, to crush in Anne the hopes of St. John's hand. She did call, and talked in a wondrous patronizing tone to the poor sempstress:—"Pray, does Master St. John spend much of his time with you?" said she.

The rebuke of Ferdinand Faithful was dignified as it was powerful. "We are humbled by poverty, but we will not be humiliated by insolence. Master Henry St. John I take it," said he, "has good right to spend his time where he will, unquestioned by any one."

The Lady Arabella Duval, as soon as Ferdinand began to speak, fixed her eyes full upon him, then bursting out into loud and insolent laughter, she answered, "Well said, Master Puritan, you are mightily jealous of your daughter's dignity forsooth. If you must know who I am, I will tell you, I am the Lady Arabella Duval, and if I should ever become the Lady Arabella St. John, I shall take care that Master Henry St. John has not good right to spend his time where he will, unquestioned by me."

The blush left the cheek of Anne Faithful, and she became coldly pale.

Henry St. John was tried and acquitted:—there was an anxious heart in the court that day, and that was Ferdinand Faithful. There was another there to partake his triumph, and that was that bold woman, the Lady Arabella Duval, who, when the trial was concluded, hurried the unconscious St. John into her carriage and drove off to her house, where a number of cavaliers were assembled to congratulate him on his acquittal. Among the party was Sir Thomas Merrivale, that once gay and thoughtless knight, who had lost his gaiety, and had become absent, thoughtful, and reserved. Old age had come suddenly upon him as it were; for it was whispered abroad that he had committed the crime for which St. John was tried.

Now Sir Thomas Merrivale was a suitor for the hand of Lady Arabella Duval, hoping with her jointure to wipe off the encumbrances of Emmerton. There was also present a Colonel Clavering, a man of most profligate life and character, who sought the same honour; and this person had caused it to be pretty distinctly understood, that whoever sought the honour of Lady Arabella's hand,

must first make acquaintance with his sword. Henry St. John, however, did not fear Colonel Clavering's sword, nor did he at all covet Lady Arabella's hand; but Sir Thomas Merrivale did both, and this Colonel Clavering saw most clearly, and accordingly took every occasion of mocking and ridiculing the old knight, thinking thereby to recommend himself to the lady. A quarrel sprang up instantly, and a challenge followed. Henry St. John who had the misfortune to be present during the whole scene, was under the necessity of consenting to act as Sir Thomas Merrivale's second.

It was late before St. John left the house of Lady Arabella, and he was necessitated to postpone his visit to the family of Ferdinand Faithful till next day. And when he said thus to himself, he also added, "Another day! alas, what may another day produce." Next day arrived, after a fevered, troubled night. The combatants met and Henry St. John, who had hoped on his influence to prevent the duel, found his efforts unavailing; they fought, and Sir Thomas Merrivale fell, mortally wounded.

"The day after the trial and acquittal of Henry St. John, when the day was far advanced and Henry had not made his appearance, and had sent no message of kindness or recollection, Ferdinand Faithful said to his daughter, 'Sweet child, now see you not that it is even as I said unto you? Henry St. John has forgotten, and does neglect you. This gay and thoughtless cavalier has shown himself to be the creature of circumstances; I will not indeed accuse him of heartlessness and a deliberate unkindness; for I have observed him carefully, and have seen that there is an inseparable kindness in his nature; but he lacks moral firmness and strength of purpose. He came to our pretty village, that sweet home of our hearts; and the beauty of its calmness and the quiet spirit of its delightful seclusion, touched him with a deep emotion, and he loved it, and loved all he saw there. He thought that he loved you; he believed that he loved you; and he felt kindly towards us all; and he has shown his kindly feeling by his generosity towards us in our destitution and affliction. He is not a deceiver, but he is deceived. Having left the village, and being placed in another scene, and amidst other society, he now sympathizes with them, and he is conformable to their manners and is pleased with their company. The great fault of Henry St. John is, that he mistakes the impulse of a transient feeling for the depth of an abiding sentiment; he mistakes a meteor for a sun, an inundation for a river, and you, my sweet child, perhaps mistake the shadow of a passing cloud for the darkness of night.'"

"While the father and daughter were thus engaged, Peter Longstaff entered with a look

full of mystery and importance to summon Ferdinand Faithful instantly to the deathbed of Sir Thomas Merrivale. It was a sad sight; to hear him now lament that he had thought of religion as he had, or that he had not thought of it at all.

"Is Harry St. John here?" asked the knight in great agitation of spirit.

"I am here," said he.

"My sight is failing me," said Sir Thomas Merrivale, "give me your hand.—Harry, did you write to Adelaide?"

"I did."

"What answer?"

"It is impossible for any answer to have arrived yet, it was but yesterday morning that the letter was written."

"Then it will be too late,—too late.—Oh, God, I am too late with everything! I have lived without thought—but I cannot die without thought. Do you both hear me?"

Ferdinand Faithful and Henry St. John both together replied, "We do."

"Ay," said Sir Thomas Merrivale with a low voice but great earnestness of manner, "you may hear a few feeble and disjointed words, but they cannot tell you what is passing in my breast!—for that I want words loud as thunder, quick as lightning—words that may be felt as well as heard. Oh! I have lived not knowing what life is, and now I learn at once the lesson of life and death.—The past and the future are crowding upon me together.—My child—my only child—the pride of my heart—the whole course of her life is before me at once. I see the helpless innocence of her childhood, I see the ripened virtues and gracefulness of her more advanced life—I tremble for the sorrows that await her."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Notes of a Reader.

MOZART'S MUSIC.

WE have been delighted with the following in the *Examiner*:—"There is nothing perfect in this world except Mozart's music. Criticism has nothing to do with it, but to admire. Whatever is, is right. Mozart cannot even be disparaged by comparison with himself—the detractor cannot say, 'How inferior this thing is to that!'" for every composition seems to have a peculiar appropriateness to the occasion, and it is impossible to conceive anything more suitable. There is nothing of mannerism in Mozart's music, and yet it cannot be mistaken for any other, or any other for it—it is peculiar in its excellence. The signature of the master is in an exalted sweetness of turns. In Mozart's operas there is every variety of style and expression, each having a marked style to which the varieties within it are subordinate and tributary. Don

Giovanni and the *Zauberflöte* are both romantic operas, but of what different characters! In each the grandeur is relieved with gaiety; and here again how different is the gaiety! In *Giovanni* it is touched with riot, in the *Zauberflöte* it is all fanciful and cheery. As wide a distinction is to be marked between the gaiety of *Figaro* and of *Così fan tutte*: the first is of enjoyment, the other the light laugh of the world, coming more from the brain than the blood. The expression of the serious passions has as much variety in the works of Mozart as the comic. The simple sustained style of the *Clemenza* has no likeness in any of the solemn passages of his romantic operas; and the grandeur of the *Zauberflöte* is as distinguishable from the grandeur of *Giovanni*, as the devotional from the terrible. In the expression of tenderness there is most sameness in Mozart's compositions; and how could it be other than the same while true to nature, who, in all states, shows herself much alike in the melting mood." [This is criticism. The plaintive composition *Il mio tesoro*, in *Giovanni*, is a touching illustration of the truth of more than one passage in these remarks. Even the most unmusical ears have their favourite airs: let this be ours.]

A WHITECHAPEL BUTCHER.

A WHITECHAPEL butcher is the beau ideal of a butcher. One of the same trade from an opposite quarter is no more to be compared with him than I with Hercules. Pick out a specimen from the west, and he cannot compete a moment with him of the east. Not he: the one is sophisticate and "affects an air;" he is part tradesman, part gentleman: doffs the steel, blue apron, and dirty top-boots, wrinkling down to the heels, and assumes the white apron, sporting-cut coat, fashionable trousers and Wellingtons understrapped: in short, he is a butcher with modern improvements. Not so his type of Whitechapel: he is unsophisticate: what he is now, his fathers were before him, and his sons will perhaps be after him: he scorns the march of mind, and sticks to his fresh mutton and old manners. As it is with the butcher, so it is with the rest of the population. Their total habits, tastes, their language, idioms, houses, streets, &c. &c., are at least forty years behind those of any other part of "the wren;"—not even Nash himself could improve the *locale*, nor a forty-Johnson-power lexicographer push their lagging language up in time to join the march to improvement of that of the rest of their fellow-citizens.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

PROSPERITY NOT HAPPINESS.

[ABDERRAHMAN III. the most magnificent of all the Arab rulers of Mohammedan Spain

flourished in the tenth century. He was distinguished for great capacity of mind, for unbounded liberality, for unrivalled splendour, and for inflexible justice. Commerce flourished, and riches were accumulated in an unexampled degree; a powerful navy was formed and maintained in full activity; the arts and sciences were cultivated with ardour, because their professors were rewarded with princely liberality; splendid works were undertaken; and the king was the friend of industry, of merit, and of poverty: in short, his reign has been termed the most brilliant period in the history of the Spanish Arabs. Yet, with all this prosperity, *Abderahman was not happy*, as historians tell us. Thus:]

Of the justice of this great king the Mohammedan world had a fearful example in the fate of his son Abdalla. Many years before his death he caused his second son, Alhakem, to be recognised as wali alhadi. The choice gave umbrage to Abdalla, who at length entered into a conspiracy, the object of which seems to have been the assassination or perpetual imprisonment of Alhakem. The secret was betrayed by one of the number; Abdalla was suddenly arrested, confessed his meditated crime, and was suffocated, notwithstanding the entreaties of his intended victim Alhakem. "Thy humane request," replied the king, "becomes thee well, and if I were a private individual it should be granted; but as a king, I owe both to my people and my successors an example of justice: I deeply lament the fate of my son; I shall lament it through life; but neither thy tears nor my grief shall save him!" This rigour, however, was not agreeable to the people, who knew that Abdalla had many excellent qualities; who believed that he was influenced more by levity, or the deceitful persuasions of others, than by innate depravity of heart, and that he might have been reclaimed to loyalty and obedience by proper means. The king himself seems ever afterwards to have blamed his excessive rigour. Though at the very summit of human prosperity, he was thenceforth unhappy. The state of his mind is sufficiently apparent from some verses which he addressed to his friend, Abu Becri, in reply to the remonstrances of that famous poet concerning his despondency. "The sorrow of a troubled heart will vent itself in sighs. Can we enjoy tranquillity while the tempest is roaring? It has scattered my flowery vines; how, then, can I rejoice over the sparkling cup? Glory crowned my youth; now she abandons me. The keen blast of affliction has withered my roses (youth); I fear lest the storm should also wither my lilies (old age). The days of sunshine are past; dark night approaches, the shadows of which no morn will ever dissipate!" It may, indeed, be said that the grief which thus luxuriates, that which seeks

the aid of measured numbers, is too sententious, too declamatory, to be deep. Abderahman's was *not* deep, but it was denumbing; it poisoned present enjoyment, and threw a chilling mist over the brightest and most animating scenes of life. To say nothing of the remorse he must inevitably feel; he was too prosperous, too cloyed with the sweets of wealth and empire, to be happy. Had he been *less* prosperous, the vicissitudes would have enhanced his enjoyments: where there is no pain there can be no pleasures.* Accordingly, we need not be surprised to hear his own confessions, that during near fifty years of empire, his days of happiness amounted to no more than fourteen.—*Hist. Spain and Portugal—Cabinet Cyclopædia.*

* By no writer, ancient or modern, has this thought been either so elegantly or so forcibly expressed, as by our poet Gray:—

"The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe."

Manners and Customs.

PERSIA.

Pigeons.—In Persia, no regulations are in force against shooting pigeons on the wing, or in a field; but if they are shot at when perched on a pigeon-house, then complaints are soon made. The Persians do not eat pigeons. Neither at Ispahan nor in the south of Persia did Mr. Morier ever see a white pigeon, which Herodotus remarks, was a bird held in aversion by the ancient Persians. It is a curious fact, that in the West of England an extraordinary superstition is preserved in more than one ancient family, that when the principal of the family dies, a white pigeon is seen hovering over the bed of the deceased. Was such a bird anciently considered the prophetic precursor of death?

Bottled Tears.—In some of the mourning assemblies of the Persians, it is the custom for a priest to go about to each person at the height of his grief, with a piece of cotton in his hand, with which he carefully collects the falling tears, and which he then squeezes into a bottle, preserving them with the greatest caution. This practically illustrates that passage in the 56th Psalm, viii.: "Put thou my tears into thy bottle." Some Persians believe, that in the agony of death, when all medicines have failed, a drop of tears so collected, put into the mouth of a dying man, has been known to revive him; and it is for such use that they are collected.

Cutting off Heads.—In Persian and Turkish warfare, this is a common custom. Mr. Morier relates, that during a fight with the Russians, at Sultanboot, ten tomaums were given for every head of the enemy that was brought to the prince; and it has been known to occur, after the combat was over, that prisoners have been put to death in cold

blood, in order that the heads, which are immediately dispatched to the king, and deposited in heaps at the palace gate, might make a more considerable show. Two English sergeants were killed on this occasion; and after the battle was over, one of their bodies was found without its head, which was discovered among a heap of Russian heads. It had doubtless been severed by a Persian, who passing it off for a Russian head, had received the price for such a commodity. Such barbarities make us shudder in England; but they only tend to show how little the manners of Asia have changed since the remotest times. In the history of Jehu we read, "And there came a messenger unto him, saying, They have brought the heads of the king's sons; and he said, Lay ye them in two heaps at the entering in of the gate, until the morning." 2 Kings, x. 8. In the above engagement, the Persians lost 100 men, a circumstance which rejoiced the king's ministers exceedingly; for, on no occasion before had their troops been known to approach near enough to the enemy to get killed. In one of the first visits which the British Ambassador paid to the Grand Vizier after this affair, he found him dictating a letter to the Governor of Mazanderan, which was to announce the defeat of the Russians. When the writer had got to the catastrophe, he asked, "How many killed am I to put down?" The Grand Vizier, with the greatest composure, said, "Write 2,000 killed, 1,000 made prisoners, and that the enemy were 10,000 strong." Then turning to the Ambassador, he said, "This letter has got to travel a great distance, and therefore we add in proportion." The actual number killed was 300. The Grand Vizier's secretary also, upon being accused of exaggerating the facts of the victory, said, "This is the first time our troops have made any stand at all against the Russians, and you would not surely restrict so glorious an event in our history to a few dry facts."

Encampments.—The Persians enjoy as many luxuries in their tents as they do in their houses; and their habits of migration have taught them facilities in the manner of transporting their baggage. Many of the great personages have tents with boilers attached to them, which they convert into hot baths, as soon as they become stationary at one place for any time.

Tea and Coffee.—Mr. Morier, in describing an interview between the Vizier of Persia and the Russian general, during a temporary cessation of hostilities, says, "At the commencement were brought in the usual refreshments—coffee without sugar, which the Persians call the *talkhee*, or the bitter; and tea sweetened into a syrup, which they call the *shireen*, the sweet: the former of which

is always handed about first. The vizier said to me, pointing to the general, "As we are not yet at peace, let us begin with drinking the *shireen* first, in order that it may be propitious to our business, and that our words may partake of its quality." But when the conference had terminated without success, then the vizier called for the coffee, and said, "Now we must drink the *talkhee*, the bitter, together;" and handed a cup of it to the general.

Swine.—At Kara Klisseh, for the first time in Persia, Mr. Morier saw swine; large herds of which were led to feed on the hills. So completely ignorant are the native Persians of this animal, that a native of Tabik, on seeing them, exclaimed, "See what sheep they have in this country!"

Fruit.—The Persians, who are very fond of unripe fruit, pluck it from the tree before it comes to maturity. They are much prejudiced in favour of their own fruit, and will not allow that in England we possess any which can bear a competition with theirs. The Persian Ambassador, when in England, preserved his national feeling towards the fruits of Persia; and when a comparison happened to be made between the two countries, he exclaimed, "'Tis true that we have not such fine houses, adorned with looking-glasses, as you have, no carriages, nor are we so rich; but we have better fruit, and we always see the sun."

Musicians.—The Mehmandar at Shiraz having invited the British Ambassador to breakfast, treated him with a concert, performed by four musicians; one of whom played the kolmonuché, (somewhat resembling a violoncello;) a second sang, fanning his mouth with a piece of paper, to aid the undulations of his voice; the third was a tambourine player; and the last beat two little drums, placed on the ground before him. They were the best musicians of Shiraz; and although the music was of too noisy a nature to be agreeable, yet it was rapture to the Persians, in whose faces could be traced great feelings of delight.

Honours to Royalty.—In a grand procession, Mr. Morier tells us that the Prince of Shiraz was conspicuous, by a parasol being borne over his head, which, to this day, is a privilege allowed only to royalty, and is exemplified by the sculptures at Persepolis, where the principal personage is frequently designated by a parasol carried over him. The whole road, about three miles, was strewn with roses, and watered; both of which are modes of doing honour to persons of distinction; and at very frequent intervals glass vases, filled with sugar, were broken under his horse's feet. This treading upon sugar is symbolical, in Persian estimation, of prosperity; the scattering of flowers was a

ceremony performed in honour of Alexander, on his entry into Babylon, and has, perhaps, some affinity to the custom of cutting down branches of trees, and strewing them in the way, as was practised on our Saviour's entry into Jerusalem.

Beating with the Shoe is a well-known chastisement in Persia, and the shoe being shod with iron, and the blow given on the mouth, the punishment is severe. This use of the shoe, observes Mr. Morier, is quite characteristic of the Eastern manners described in Scripture. The shoe was always considered as vile, and never allowed to enter sacred or respected places; and to be smitten with it, is to be subjected to the last ignominy. Paul was smitten on the mouth, by order of Ananias.—(Acts, xxiii. 2.)

Executions.—Three criminals being condemned to death at Shiraz, for robbery, one was blown up from the mouth of a mortar; the second was beheaded; and the third was cut in half, and the two parts of his body hung over two of the most frequented gates of the city, as a warning to other thieves. This horrid spectacle was displayed for three days. It illustrates, in some degree, an ancient custom, exemplified in the case of Saul, (1. Sam. xxxi. 10.) whose body was fastened to the wall of Bethshan, by the Philistines, though the analogy is not exact; and we might find examples, (nearer to us both in time and place,) which resemble the Persian practice more strongly than the case of Saul does. *Shekeh Kerden* is the technical term for this punishment, which consists in cutting the body in two lengthwise, with a sword, beginning between the legs, and terminating on the side of the neck above the shoulder.

Snake Charmers.—The Persians have great faith in a charm called the *dum*, or breath, which they say secures them against the bite of snakes, and the sting of scorpions. A man at Shiraz, and greatly honoured for his sanctity, had the reputation of possessing the *dum* to such a degree, that he communicated it to *mureeds*, or disciples, who again dispensed it to the multitude. The charm is simple enough. From his pocket he took a piece of sugar, over which he mumbled some words, breathed upon it, and then required Mr. Morier should eat it, in full belief that neither scorpion nor serpent could ever harm him. That the practice of snake-charming was in use in earlier days, we may infer from the Psalms: "Which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely."—Psalm lviii. 5.

Lions.—The distance which lions travel in search of water is enormous: the footmarks of one of these animals have been traced, the next day, upwards of forty miles.

Fine Arts.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

(From an old Correspondent.)

THE annual display of pictures at the Royal Academy has been long considered the best and most attractive of the London exhibitions. How far this remark will apply to the present collection is doubtful;—it is, however, certain, that works of a much higher order have appeared on the walls of the Academy than those now displayed before the public. We will proceed to particularise a few of the most striking pictures:—

8. *Rotterdam Ferry-boat.* This picture is painted in the usual fascinating manner of the artist—J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

11. *View in Ramsgate Harbour.* A clever painting, by G. P. Reinagle.

16. *The Murder of David Rizzio*—by W. Allan. "In the front of the picture stands Kerr of Fawdownside, who levelled a pistol at the queen. On Kerr's right is Patrick Murray, dragging Rizzio by the cloak from the apartment. Behind the torch-bearer is the Master of Ruthven, and near him Lord Ruthven in complete armour. Geo. Douglas grasps the prostrate Rizzio by the arm, while the queen is held by Lord Darnley, at whose back stand the countess of Argyll and Mary Seaton. Behind the ladies, a soldier marks the secret passage by which the conspirators entered."

22. *Godiva preparing to ride through Coventry*, by G. Jones, R.A., is a very beautiful picture. The lady is mounted on a spirited horse, and attended by some females, who are engaged in removing from her delicate person the remaining part of her dress.

70. *Harvest in the Highlands* is a wonderful production of art. The figures are by Edwin Landseer; and the scenery is painted by A. W. Calcott, R.A.

133. *The Stray Kitten*—W. Collins, R.A. This subject is very simple, though extremely interesting from its treatment. A cottage, surrounded with delightful scenery, is represented, at the door of which we perceive a group of rustic children, who are encouraging the approach of a little stray kitten.

134. *Spanish Monks—a scene witnessed in a Capuchin Convent, at Toledo*—by D. Wilkie, R.A. The effect of this picture is equal to any of the magical conceptions of Rembrandt; and the expression, particularly in the countenance of the old monk, is excellent.

146. *Van Tromp returning after the battle of the Dogger Bank*—J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

153. *Hylas and the Nymphs.* This group, by W. Etty, R.A., is composed with great poetic feeling, while the colouring is chaste and harmonious.

230. *The Astrologer*—by G. G. Bullock.

"Her eye told what it was she wished to hear,
And then, with solemn glance, the aged seer
Turn'd to the mystic page."

We shall conclude with No. 336, *A young Lady taking the Veil*, by T. Uwins. "After the vows had been pronounced, her hair cut off, and her dress, with all its worldly ornaments, exchanged for the simple habit of the Franciscan order, there still remained the most affecting part of the ceremony—she was to bid farewell to her earthly friends! I witnessed their last embrace, and saw the doors close that separated them *for ever!*" The artist has displayed considerable skill in this affecting subject. G. W. N.

From the rosy bowers of the orient skies,
Then up, sweetest sister, arise, arise!
Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

ANNIHILATION: A VISION.

By Jean Paul Richter.

[We subjoin a translation of one of his most characteristic compositions—if translation is a word fit to be applied to Jean Paul; say rather that the following vision has been done into English, with a view to give a partial idea of the powers of this wonderful man to our readers.]

All Love believes in a double Immortality, in its own and in that of its object: from the moment in which Love begins to fear that it should cease, it has already ceased. To our hearts it is the same, whether our beloved one, or merely his love disappears. He who doubts of our Eternity lends to the fair heart which opens itself before him, or, to its perfection at least, the unperishable nature of the purest existence, and finds the clear one whom he has seen sink into the dark earth, glimmering over him in broken starlight in Heaven.

Man—who always questions himself too much, and others too little—cherishes not only secret inclinations but secret opinions, the contrary of which he imagines to be his belief, till some strong emotion of Fate or Poetry lays the concealed bottom of his innermost soul open before him. Thence we may, perhaps, have read the title of these pages with coolness;—we may even accept or court Annihilation; but we tremble when our heart discloses to us the horrible contents of this chimera, to think that the Earth in which we all would lay our sunken heads to rest, is nothing else than the broad headman's block of pale crippled humanity, when it comes out of prison.

Ottomar lay in the furthestmost house of a village from which he looked out on the battle-field of the Unburied; he was in the last stage of a putrid fever. In that night his loose blood filled his agitated heart with a hell-stream of distorted, terrible apparitions, and this dark boiling stream of blood reflected the hollow light sky, and shivered forms and jagged flashes of lightning. When the morning returned in its coolness, and when the venom of the tarantula sting of fever was gone from his tired heart, the immovable storm of War roared before him with ceaseless fire and blows; and again these bloody pierced phantoms stood before him in his midnight dreams like corpses.

In the night of which I am speaking, his fever had reached the steep and critical eminence between Life and Death. His eyes were like immense mirrors in a hall of mirrors, his ears like immense ears in a whispering-gallery, his nerves reached out

The Public Journals.

INVOCATION OF THE EARTH TO MORNING.

Wake from thy azure ocean-bed,
Oh! beautiful sister, Day!
Uplift thy gem-tiara'd head,
And, in thy vestal robes arrayed,
Bid twilight's gloom give way!
Wake, dearest sister; the dark-brow'd night
Delayeth too long her drowsy flight.
Most glorious art thou, sister Day,
Upon thy chariot throne,
While sitting supreme in royal sway.
Thou holdest thy high effulgent way,
In majesty alone;
Till into thy cloud pavilion'd home
In the burning west thy footsteps come.
When last thy parting look I caught,
Which turn'd to smile good-night,
With all a lover's fondness fraught,
There seem'd not in the universe aught
So precious in thy sight,
As thy own dear Earth, while to her breast,
She folded her slumbering babes to rest.
I hear the sparkling midnight spheres
Rehearse the choral hymn,
Which yet, ere earth was stain'd with tears,
Burst on the joy-entranced ears
Of holy seraphim;
While the lofty blue empyrean rang,
As the morning stars together sang.
Oh, many a joyous mountain rill,
And many a rustling stream,
Calm lake and glassy fountain still,
Tall grove and silent mist-clad hill,
Long for thy coming beam!
Uprouse thee, then, fairest sister dear!
For all are pining thy voice to hear.
With trembling and impatient wing,
My birds on every spray
Await, thy welcome forth to sing
With many a melting lay;
Then wherefore, beautiful, linger so long?
Earth sighs to greet thee with shout and song.
Thy flower,* her vigil lone hath kept,
With love's untiring care;
Tho' round her pinks and violets slept,
She wakefully hath watch'd and wept,
Unto the dewy air;
And like a desolate bride she waits,
For the opening of her lover's gates,
Oh! then arise, fair sister dear!
Awake, beloved Day!
For many a silent trembling tear,
Falls on my breast like diamond clear,
In grief for thy delay.

* The Sunflower.

giant limbs to him—the moving forms on the printed bed-curtain became thick and blood-coloured, and shot upwards and fell again as in battle; a boiling waterspout drew him up in its seething vapours, and underneath, out of the innermost depth, there crept keen little ghosts, which had haunted him before in a fever of childhood, and they crept with cold clammy toadsfeet over his warm soul, and said, "We torment thee ever."

On a sudden, as his darkened heart seemed to have rolled back and worked itself out of the hot crater of his fever, the yellow gleam of a neighbouring fire shone over the paper of the room. His dry, hot eye stared half-shut on the transparent figures of the curtain, which flapped in the distant light;—all at once a Form stretched itself forth from amongst them with a corpse-white motionless countenance, white lips, white eyelids and hair.

The Form reached towards the sick man with long crooked feelers, which played out of the sockets of its eyes. It approached, and the dark spots on its feelers closed together against his heart, like points of ice; it drove him backwards with its chilly breath, backwards through walls and rocks, and through the earth, and the feelers were like daggers in his heart; and when he sank backwards, the world broke down before him—the ruins of demolished mountains, and the rubbish of dust-hills fell below—and there poured down a hail of clouds and moons—the worlds descended in bow-shots over the corpse-white form, and suns hung round with globes sank in a long heavy fall, and at last there came a dusty stream of ashes.

"White Form, who art thou?" asked at last the man. "If I name my name, thou art no more," said the white Form without moving its lips, and neither earnestness, nor joys, nor love, nor wrath, was there in that countenance; Eternity passed and changed it not.

The Form brought him on a narrow path formed of earth-clods, which were laid under the chins of dead men; the causeway went across a sea of blood, out of which there rose white hairs and children's fingers, like the blossoms of a water plant, and it was covered with brooding doves, and with wings of butterflies, and nightingales' eggs, and men's hearts. The Form crushed them all as it skimmed over them, and it drew over the pond of blood a swimming veil made of the wet linen which lies upon dead men's eyes. The red waves rose over the terrified man, and the narrowing path went over cold, slippery mushrooms, and at last over a long, cool slippery adder.

He slid down, but a whirlwind turned him round, and he saw before him the extent of

an immense plain of black ice, on which all the nations lay, which had died upon the Earth—stark, frozen armies of corpses, and deep below in the abyss, an earthquake was ringing in all eternity, a little cracked bell—it was the death-bell of Nature. "Is that the second World?" asked the comfortless man. The Form answered, "The second World is in the grave between the teeth of the worm." He looked upwards to seek a consoling Heaven, but above him was spread a thick black smoke, the immense pall which is drawn between the Heaven of the Worlds, and this dark, chilly gap in Nature; and the ruined mansions of the past smoked up, and made the pall blacker and broader; and then there passed the apparition of a falling, burning world, with its red shadow on the dark covering, and an eternal blast bore in it the wail of sinking voices.

"We have suffered, we have hoped, but we suffocate—Oh! Almighty Power, create nothing more."

Ottomar asked, "Who annihilates them then?"—"I," said the Form, and it drove him among the armies of corpses, into the masked world of annihilated men; and as the Form passed before a mask with a soul, there spurted a bloody drop from its dull eye, such as a corpse sheds when the murderer approaches it. And he was led on unceasingly, by the mute funeral procession of the past, by the rotten chains of existence, and by the conflicts of the spirits. There saw he first of all the ashy brethren of his heart pass by, and in their countenances there still stood the blighted hope of reward; he saw thousands of poor children with smooth, rosy cheeks, and with their first smile stiffened, and thousands of mothers with their unconfined babes in their arms, and there he saw the dumb sages of all nations with extinguished souls, and with the extinguished light of Truth, and they were dumb under the great pall, like singing birds whose cage is darkened with a covering, and there he saw the strong endurers of life, the numberless, who had suffered till they died, and the others who were lacerated by horror, and there he saw the countenances of those who had died of joy, and the deathly tear of Joy was still hanging in their eyes; and there he saw all the lives of the earth standing with stifled hearts, in which no Heaven, no God, no Conscience, dwelt any more; and there he saw again a world fall, and its wail passed by him, "Oh! how vain, how nothing is the groaning and struggling, and the Truth and the Virtue of the world!" and there at last appeared his father with the iron ball globe which sinks the corpses of that ocean, and then as he pressed a tear of blood out of the white eyelid, his heart, which ran cold with horror, exclaimed "Form of Hell, crush me speedily; annihilation is eternal, there

live none but mortals and thou. Am I alive, Form?"

The Form led him gently to the edge of the ever-freezing field of ice; in the abyss he saw the fragments of the stifled souls of animals; and on high were numberless tracts of ice, with the annihilated of higher worlds, and the bodies of the dead angels, were for the most part of San's light, or of long sounds, or of motionless fragrantcy. But there over the chasm, near to the realm of the dead of the Earth, stood a veiled being on a clod of ice; and as the white Form passed, the Being raised its veil; it was the dead Christ, without resurrection, with his crucifixion wounds, which all flowed afresh; on the approach of the white Form.

Ottomar bent his tottering knee, and looked up to the black concave, and prayed, "Oh! good God! bring me back again to my good earth, that I may dream of life." And while he prayed, the blood-red shadow of crushed worlds flew across the broad pall of smoke. And then the white Form stretched out its feelers, like arms towards Heaven, and said, "I will draw down the Earth, and then I will name my name to you."

And whilst the feelers with their black points rose higher and higher, a little cleft in the cloud became light, and it at last broke asunder, and our reeling earth sank as it were into the fascinating, greedy jaws of a rattlesnake; and whilst the cloud-girt globe fell lower, there rained upon it blood and tears, because there were battles and martyrdoms upon it.

The grey, narrow Earth waved about transparent, with its young nations by the side of its stark dead nations—its arc was a long coffin of adamant, with the inscription, "*The Past*," and in the hollow of the earth there glowed a round fire, which melted the keys of the long coffin; the lily-buds and flower-buds of the earth became mouldy, its fields were as the green skin on a pool of mud; its woods were moss, the peaks of its Alpine girdle were as a spoked wheel, its clocks all struck at once; and the hours hastily became centuries, so that no life lasted the time out; men were to be seen on the earth growing, and then waxing rudely and tall, and stout, and grey, till they bent themselves and lay down. But the men upon the Earth were very happy. The lightning of Death flashed indeed ruthless among the careless nations, one while on the warm heart of a mother, another while on the smooth, round brow of a child, on the bald head, and on the warm rosy cheek. But men had their consolation; dying lovers, those who buried, and those who wept, hung softly over those whose eye was waxing dim, the friend over the friend, parents over children, and they said, "Depart ye—we shall meet again behind Death, to part no more."

"I will show thee," said the Form, "how I annihilate them."—A coffin became transparent—in the placid brain of the Man; therein lying, the Life still glowed, plastered over with clay, surrounded by a cold dark sleep, and cut off from the broken heart.—Ottomar exclaimed, "Lying Form, the Life still glows; who extinguished the spark?"—The white Form answered, "Horror! Look down."—A village church was split asunder, a leaden coffin sprung open, and Ottomar saw his own body mouldering in it, and his brain burst—but there was no spot of Light on the open head. The Form stared at him, and said, "I have drawn thee out of thy brain—thou art already long since dead"—and it seized him cuttingly with its cold metallic feelers, and whispered,—"Tremble and die—I am God."

There rushed a sun downwards which embraced the wide Heaven, melted the desert of ice, and the region of the masks, and flew on with a mighty noise in its endless curve, leaving a flood of light behind it, and the severed ether rang with ineffable music. Ottomar swam in ether, surrounded by an opaque sheet of little balls of light; from time to time the flash of a falling Sun pierced the white light, and a soft glow was wasted around. The thick cloud of light floated on the tones of the ether, and the waves of ether rocked it as it hovered over them. Till at last the cloud sank below in flakes of light, and Ottomar saw the eternal Creation lying round about him; Suns were careering above him and below him, each one bearing the flowing spring-tide of its worlds and soft rays through Heaven.

The sunny mist was floating downwards far away in the ether like a brilliant snow-cloud, but the mortal was retained in that blue Heaven by a long sound of music coming over the waves; the sound re-echoed suddenly through the whole boundless ether, as if the Almighty hand was running over the clouds of creation.—And in all the orbs there was an echo as of jubilee; invisible springs floated by in streams of fragrantcy; blessed worlds passed by unseen with the whispering of ineffable joy; fresh flames gleamed in the Suns. The sea of life smelled as if its unfathomable bottom was rising, and a warm blast came to shake the sun-rays and rain-bows, and strains of joy and light clouds out of the cups of roses. All at once there was a stillness in the whole of immeasurable space, as if Nature was dying in ecstasy—a broad gleam, as if The Endless One was going through Creation, spread over the suns, and over the abysses, and over the pale rainbow of the milky way—and all nature thrilled in delicious transport, as a man's heart thrills when it is about to forgive.—And thereupon his innermost soul opened itself before the mortal, as if it were a lofty temple, and

in the temple was a Heaven, and in the Heaven was a man's form which looked down on him, with an eye like a sun full of immeasurable love.—The Form appeared to him, and said, "I am eternal Love, thou canst not pass away."—And the Form strengthened the trembling child who thought to die of wonder, and then the mortal saw through the hot tears of his joy, darkly, the nameless Form—and a warm thrill dissolved his heart, which overflowed in pure, in boundless love, the creation pressed languishingly, but close against his breast, and his existence, and all existences were one love, and through the tears of his love Nature glistened like a blooming meadow-ground, and the seas lay there like dark-green rains, and the suns like fiery dew, and before the sun-fire of the Almighty there stood the world of spirits as a rainbow, and the spirit broke its light into all colours, as from century to century, they dropped, and the rainbow did not change, the drops only changed, not the colours.

The All-loving Father looked forth on his full creation, and said, "I love you all from Eternity—I love the worm in the sea, the child upon the earth, and the angel on the sun.—Why has thou trembled? Did I not give thee the first Life, and Love, and Joy, and Truth? Am I not in thy heart?"—And then the worlds passed with their death-bells, but it was as the church-ringing of harmonical bells for a higher temple; and all chasms were filled with strength, and all Death with bliss.

The happy man thought that his dark earthly life was closed; but the cloud-girt Earth rose again, and drew the men of the Earth back into its cloud.

The All-loving father veiled himself in the All. But a glimmering lay still upon a long iceberg far behind the sun. The high iceberg lay streaming in the rays, bended flowers were waving in their bloom towards the melting wall, a boundless land lay disclosed in the moonlight, stretching far into the sea of Eternity, and he saw nothing but numberless eyes, which looked upwards, and shone in blessed tears, as the spring with its warm showers glistens in the sun, and he felt, by the yearning and longing of his heart, that these were his own, that these were our men who were dead.

The Mortal looked up, as he fell towards the earth, with hands raised in prayer, to the spot in the blue firmament where the Endless One had appeared to him—and a still glory hung motionless on that high place—and as he trod and parted more heavily the glowing haze of our globe, the glory stood steadily in the ether, deeper than the ever-rolling earth.—And as he stood upon the earth, the glory was still in the blue east, and it was the sun.

The sick man was standing in the garden—his first bitter and poisonous dream had driven him there—the morning air was breathing around, the fire was cooled, his fever was abated, and his heart was at rest.

And as the tremble of his fever gave birth to this dream of Hell, and the victory of Nature to this dream of Heaven—as the vision of torture had hastened the crisis, and the vision of consolation the cure—even so do the dreams of our spirits not only kindle a fever in our souls, but cool and heal that fever also, when the phantoms of our hearts vanish and we rejoice in their dispersal. — *New Monthly Magazine.*

FRAGMENTS FROM METASTASIO.

As a fainting flower
Is revived by a shower,
Whose soft drops fall o'er it,
And gently restore it,
Ere ever it dies;
So the heart of Medoro
Recovers its lightness,
And banishes sorrow
Because of the brightness
Of thy young eyes.

If the wave, as it wanders from shore to shore,
If the breeze, as it trembles from blossom to blossom,
Be fickle; far more
Is the heart in thy bosom.

When the lily, languid flower,
Crush'd by heavy plough-share lies,
Seemeth bud nor leaf have power
Ever more from Earth to rise;
But let Heav'n bathe anew
The prostrate flower with morning dew,
Lo! the bent stalk up again
Riseth gradual from the plain;
And the splendour, snowy-white,
Steepeth all her petals bright.

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

DIRGE.

BY KENNICK VAN WINKLE.

ADIEU! dear heavenly maid—
A long adieu!
Thou wert a rose arrayed
In love's own hue.
But all earth's flowers fade
That ever grow.
Thou sleep'st beneath the yew
A quiet sleep;
Thy grave is wet with dew,
That angels weep;
For tears they oft-times strew
Where watch they keep.
Not that afflictions deep
Their breasts o'er-flow:
The tears that angels weep
Spring not from woe—
Too high a flight they sweep
Life's ills to know.
Sweet maid that liest low,
Enjoy thy rest;
Thou hast escaped the throes
Of hearts distressed.
Thou did'st not live to know
The grief-worn breast;
The ills that life infest
Assailed not thee.
Thou art among the blest
A spirit free,
A blithesome, happy guest,
Where such should be.

And we, thy sisters, we
 Thy grave surround,
 And sing on bended knee,
 And deck thy mound;
 And pant to fly, like thee,
 To angel-ground.
 Spirit! with brightness crowned,
 Farewell! farewell!
 Where heaven's sweet timbrels sound,
 'Tis thine to dwell.
 Our eyes with tears are drowned—
 Farewell! farewell!

Monthly Magazine.

The Gatherer.

Oratory versus Taxation.—Hortensia, the daughter of Quintus Hortensius, the celebrated Roman orator, inherited her father's eloquence; and when the Roman women were required to render on oath an account of their property, preparatory to a heavy tax, she pleaded the cause of her sex with such force, that the decree was annulled. Her harangue, which was delivered on this occasion before the triumvirs, Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, was extant in the time of Quintilian, who speaks of it with applause.

P. T. W.

Patronage.—In Britain, the love of art is not a common passion: every day we see the merest daubers patronized by the highest of the land; and men unworthy of preparing sculptors' modelling clay, employed to make the statues of heroes and legislators. The public run after whatever is strange or new; and whether it be a so-called genius, or merely some far-fetched oddity, the gaping wonder of the multitude lasts but for a season, and is ever ready to welcome new entertainers.—*Allen Cunningham.*

Cultivation of Indigo.—It may account for so many pursuing this profession, that it has all the uncertainty of a lottery: a good season will yield treble and quadruple the expenses incurred, supposing the establishment free from incumbrances at the outset of the season; while, from unfavourable circumstances, as the want of rain, or too much of it, the grower cannot realize a single shilling.

Spiders.—The observation of the habits of spiders has been prosecuted with truly scientific zeal. Indeed, the art of deciding on the changes of the weather from the motions and works of spiders, is termed Arachnology, or Araneology. It is mentioned by Pliny; and in later times, Quatremère Disjovail, once member of the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, during an eight months' imprisonment, in which spiders were his only companions, made various observations on the subject. In 1797, at Paris, he published his discovery of the close connexion existing between the appearance or disappearance, the labour or rest, the greater or less circumference of the webs and fibres, of spiders of different

sorts, and the atmospherical changes from fair weather to rain, from dry to wet, and particularly from hot to cold, and from moist to a milder temperature.

Aqua Tofana.—This is the name of a poisonous liquid, which excited extraordinary attention at Naples, at the end of the 17th and beginning of the 18th centuries. Tofana, a Sicilian woman, seems to have invented it. According to Lobat, after she had murdered many hundred men, she was strangled, although, on the discovery of her guilt, she fled to a convent. Keyssler, on the contrary, affirmed that she was alive in prison, 1730. The drink is described as transparent, tasteless water, of which five or six drops were fatal—producing death slowly, without pain, inflammation, convulsion, or fever. Gradual decay of strength, disgust of life, want of appetite, and constant thirst, were the effects, which soon changed to an entire consumption. That the exact day of death could be predicted, is a mere fable. The strangest stories, with regard to its composition, have gone abroad. A solution of crystallized arsenic seems to have been the chief ingredient, to which something else was added, probably to conceal the presence of it.

Unfortunate Denial.—Upon the death of Pope Nicholas V., the cardinals had an intention of advancing Cardinal Bessarion to the Papal See; but when they waited upon him with this view, they were prevented from seeing him by one of his attendants, who would not allow him to be disturbed in his studies. When Bessarion was informed of the fact, he said to his attendant—"Perot, thy incivility has cost thee a hat, and me the tiara."

P. T. W.

Splendid Retreat.—The residence of the Spanish Court, from Easter till the close of June, is usually at Aranjuez, a village and palace, with superb gardens, beautiful elm walks, and a park for hunting, in the province of Toledo, in a charming, shady valley of the Tagus. It is thirty miles from Madrid, to which a Roman road, built by Ferdinand VI., leads—every mile of which cost 3,000,000 reals.

ERRATA.

At page 361, *The Black Death* is stated to be translated from the German, by the late venerable Dr. BABINGTON, instead of by his son, Dr. BENJAMIN G. BABINGTON.

At page 323, the *New Cumberland Gate* of Hyde Park is said to have been erected by the late Mr. THOMAS HOPE, instead of by that gentleman's brother, Mr. HENRY PHILIP HOPE, now living in Norfolk-street, Park-lane.

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